Iailor. Wel, we will talke more of this, when the ſolemnity
Is paſt; But have you a full promiſe of her?
Enter Daughter.
When that ſhall be ſeene, I tender my conſent.
Wooer. I have Sir; here ſhee comes.
Iailor. Your Friend and I have chanced to name
You here, upon the old buſines: But no more of that.
Now, ſo ſoone as the Court hurry is over, we will
Have an end of it: I'th meane time looke tenderly
To the two Priſoners. I can tell you they are princes.
Daug. Theſe ſtrewings are for their Chamber; tis pitty they
Are in priſon, and twer pitty they ſhould be out: I
Doe thinke they have patience to make any adverſity
Aſham'd; the priſon it ſelfe is proud of 'em; and
They have all the world in their Chamber.
Iailor. They are fam'd to be a paire of abſolute men.
Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but ſtammers 'em, they
Stand a greiſe above the reach of report. (doers.
Iai. I heard them reported in the Battaile, to be the only
Daugh. Nay moſt likely, for they are noble ſuffrers; I
Mervaile how they would have look'd had they beene
Victors, that with ſuch a conſtant Nobility, enforce
A freedome out of Bondage, making miſery their
Mirth, and affliction, a toy to jeſt at.
Iailor. Doe they ſo?
Daug. It ſeemes to me they have no more ſence of their
Captivity, then I of ruling Athens: they eate
Well, looke merrily, diſcourſe of many things,
But nothing of their owne reſtraint, and diſaſters:
Yet ſometime a devided ſigh, martyrd as twer
I'th deliverance, will breake from one of them.
When the other preſently gives it ſo ſweete a rebuke,
That I could wiſh my ſelfe a Sigh to be ſo chid,
Or at leaſt a Sigher to be comforted.
Wooer. I never ſaw'em.
Iailor. The Duke himſelfe came privately in the night,
Enter Palamon, and Arcite above.
And ſo did they, what the reaſon of it is, I
Know

Know not: Looke yonder the
Arcite lookes out.
Daugh. No Sir, no, that's
Lower of the twaine; you m
Of him.
Iai. Goe too, leave your po
Make us their object; out of th
Daugh. It is a holliday to
Diffrence of men.

Scæna 2. *Enter Palam*

Pal. How doe you Noble
Arcite. How doe you Sir
Pal. Why ſtrong inough to
And beare the chance of war
I feare for ever Coſen.
Arcite. I beleeve it,
And to that deſtiny have pati
Laide up my houre to come.
Pal. Oh Coſen *Arcite*,
Where is Thebs now? whe
Where are our friends, and ki
Muſt we behold thoſe comfo
The hardy youthes ſtrive for
(Hung with the painted favo
Like tall Ships under ſaile: ther
And as an Eaſtwind leave 'em
Like lazy Clowdes, whilſt *Pa*
Even in the wagging of a wa
Out-ſtript the peoples praiſes,
Ere they have time to wiſh 'e
Shall we two exerciſe, like Tw
Our Armes againe, and feele
Like proud Seas under us, our
(Better the red-eyd god of wa
Braviſh'd our ſides, like age mu
And decke the Temples of th

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